



The Monster



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Chapter 1 by Fangirl.always123

“The creatures that haunt the night aren’t real.” They say, but they lie. They lie to make you feel safe and protected, but you truly aren’t. I remember that one calm night when the monsters finally knocked on my door to take me and then I knew they lied. And that’s when I became one of them. You might be thinking, ‘She’s kidnapped!’ or ‘Well she’s gonna die unhappy.’ Well, actually I’m happier than I ever was. The nights might be filled with the cackles of ghosts but they truly bring me comfort.

“ACE!” Cornice yelled. “Hurry you’re late for the last day of training.” I jumped off my house onto the swage that covered the streets. I felt it squish under my feet. I had grown horns for the past 12 years I’ve been here. I have long raven hair and two horns sticking out of my head. Cornice, my friend, has been with me ever since the first time I stepped food in the rejects. She was a very tall, green skinned, blonde haired weirdo that was ‘my super duper bestie’ as she would say. Currently, Cornice and I were going to the training hall. We train to defend and fight for the monsters while the war rages on. The war was all about the human’s deathly fear of us, but we were never there to kill, until they made it our purpose.

“Wow, I am so excited to finally be old enough to fight the fleshy humans!” Cornice said with a cheesy smile. I shrugged. I wasn’t. I had to be one of them. Flesh and all, until I started growing horns. I started putting my hair into a ponytail but Cornice didn’t want to look presentable for of the Prince of Monsters!” She gave me a nasty smirk with her sharp teeth showing. “Oh

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shut up” I hummed while I picked at my sharp nails. We walked into the halls of the training room. It was a crazy place were in a crowd just to see the prince. I thought he was a self centered monster who didn't care for his kind. Finally the crowd was silent. A tall monster with metal skin and dark deadly red eyes walked up the stage. That was the prince all right. He was a ghost inside a dull robot body. He wanted to be feared in that body of metal, but it wasn't working. He was just making himself look stupid. The rust around his fingers that made him look old, so many repairs on his face from the battles we lost and won. Never made him look tough, it just made him look sad. He started making a speech how he was so proud this generation's monsters.

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